

## Lets hear it for the boy! by nipsu

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**Summary:**

Steve does so well he makes Billy want to yell

It's raining and without thinking Billy gives Steve a ride home. Steve's shirt is see through and Billy drools like a baby.

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1700 words of pure desperation on both ends

## Lets hear it for the boy!

### Author's Note:

goes well with the song

That morning when Steve stood in front of his dresser he must have left his brains in the shower. Choosing something so thin, so short and so *fucking thin*. Yesterday his parents watched the news for a bit while he was stealing some night snacks from the kitchen and he heard the weatherman saying it would be 34 degrees. It had been that hot all week, so he'd been wearing (and sweating) in all his shorts for the past four days. This morning however, that meant that there was only one pair of shorts left: his unused lilac sports shorts. He'd bought them too small, he must admit. He felt like that mullet douchebag when he turned around and looked at his ass, because those shorts were *inappropriate*.

Throwing on a white shirt he snuck outside without his parents seeing (who would not approve) and decided to go all out. When was the weather this good? Steve would have a little run to school, it wasn't far anyway and he was early due to his limited outfit options this morning. Fresh batteries in his Walkman, and there he went.

Once at school he realised he should have probably lingered while listening to the weather forecast last night. Nancy was stuffing an umbrella in her locker when he walked into the hallway and his mood dropped significantly. He rushed towards her and couldn't even care about all the eyes on his behind.

"Nance, don't tell me it's gonna rain."

Nancy looked him up and down with raised brows and didn't even give a small hint of a smile.

"I'm sorry Steve, they said it's going to be a downpour after 12."

"That's great! Just... great." Sighing and rubbing his hip he took in

the rest of the students. It appeared not everyone had thought this as much through as Nancy as there were still a lot of bare legs in sight. Only Steve didn't bring his damn car.

"Maybe Jonathan has something you can borrow?" Nancy closed her locker and looked around for her boyfriend.

"No, no, don't bother. I'll-" Steve trailed off once he spotted Jonathan without his jacket, that dude definitely didn't think of Steve while going to school. And not that he should! He shouldn't. The only thing on that teen's mind was Nancy, Steve thought as he watched them walk off hand in hand. How perfectly they would fit underneath Nance's umbrella.

In class his attention was on the rain, or rather, he was anticipating the rain. It was now twelve thirty and there was still no rain. Could he make it? His shorts hurt from sitting with his legs so close together and he was sweating.

"Harrington would you pay attention?"

2 minutes later the downpour started and didn't stop for the entire school day.

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Billy nearly took the wrong turn as he was drumming to Mötley Crüe on the steering wheel. No Max today, he could go straight home. Billy guessed it was the Wheeler's again, mom picking them all up with this rain for some fucking nerdy basement shit.

Billy turned back to the muddy road. The rain was making it slippery and if Max were here he'd show off his drifting. Right now there was no point in doing so. The only person in Billy's vicinity was a small figure of a woman having a bad day without her umbrella. Not worth it in the least.

Thinking about the rain, Billy frowned as he took in the speed of his

windshield wipers. They were going even faster than his drumming. Those were expensive to get replaced if they broke. Usually Billy didn't mind a bit of rain, it made his abs look shiny. This, however, was overdoing it a little. His music was on its loudest volume yet because he couldn't hear shit over the rain hammering onto his car.

Closing in on the stranger his tape turned to the next song on his mix tape; Metallica hit him right in the face as he sees that the 'woman' he is seeing is actually Steve fucking Harrington.

The corners of Billy's mouth turn up as he has one sideways look onto Steve's lilac clad ass as he speeds past him and sends a waterfall over Harrington.

In seconds Steve is far behind him and it occurs to Billy that he hasn't even had a proper look at the *front* of those shorts. He slams the breaks to stare at Steve through the rear-mirror wetting his lips with his tongue already.

So stunned by his appalling appearance Billy didn't realise that stopping his car may very well look like an invitation for Steve to get in his Camaro with his wet and muddy trainers.

Shit.

Billy turned his attention to himself in the mirror and fusses with his hair. He slams the tape out of the cassette while he's at it and wonders if any of his music could pass for someone preppy like Stevie boy. He puts in something he had laying around, a dusty tape that probably belonged to Max or something.

Steve's figure crept closer and *why* was Billy so nervous? Wouldn't be more than 20 steps until short short's here would be knocking on his car door, although Billy wouldn't mind if Steve stayed in the rain that was now probably soaking through the last dry bit of underwear. Billy needed a smoke just thinking about it. Steve's hair was so fucking wet it looked longer than his own, water streaming down his face clustering his lashes together. Steve has his squinted eyes on the Camaro the whole time.

Billy moves the mirror down so he can inspect the rest of Steve's

body, because who is he kidding. In these clothes, Steve Harrington looks just-

“What the...fuck” this boy was killing him. Billy exhaled through his nose like a bull, “*Outrageous*” he mumbled, considering turning around properly just to see this. Were those his *nipples*!?

Billy could do all the physical exercise he knew and it wouldn't have prepared him for how out of breath he was at this stage. Steve was barely a meter away and Billy's hands were betraying him, shaking on the steering wheel like that.

“Hargrove!”

Fuck! This!

Billy's hands were on the passenger door before he could step on the gas for escape. When he opened the door a flood of water entered, it was still very warm outside.

“Get in and don't fucking ask questions, Harrington.”

An upbeat song filled Billy's car and he regretted life the moment Steve shut the door with a loud bang.

*‘Let's hear it for the boy... Let's give the boy a hand...’*

White knuckles on the steering wheel, Deniece Williams blurting through the car while Billy drove with the highest concentration level he could muster up. It wasn't high. His heart was damaging his chest for sure, and he was too afraid to turn his head or even move his hand to turn the volume down.

All of his carefully built and performed persona Billy put up in front of everyone was crashing and burning as he saw Steve sitting there. He was soaking wet, dripping on his leather seating and squeaking with every small movement he made. Billy felt those brown eyes trained on his face as they passed house after house. “*But he loves me, loves me, loves me...*” They were going so fast but neither of them said a word. Steve's eyes were on Billy, and Billy's eyes were switching between road and mirror.

He had such a good view of Steve's soaked white shirt, Billy was so thankful he was wearing tight jeans. His throat felt dry and his arm was itchy but if he moved he would explode. That was not an option. So he swallowed hard and put a little more pressure on the gas. Billy had no fucking clue where Steve lived.

Next to Billy all the water that wet Steve's shirt was surely replaced by sweat now. His head felt hot and he should probably find it funny that Billy was playing some dance track about boys on the loudest volume. Instead he rubbed his hands together between his thighs even though he wasn't cold, this situation was doing things to his head he couldn't laugh about. Billy's brows were in the deepest frown he had ever seen them in, lips slightly open and his opened up buttons revealed a sweaty chest.

He really shouldn't stare like that.

Forcing his eyes on the houses they were speeding past he saw that they must be three blocks past his home. He had to say something.

"Uh..." Steve mumbled and the music made sure Billy didn't catch anything of that.

"You already passed my house!" His arm reached out to Billy's shoulder but never quite made it as Billy turned his head with such force he felt the boy's mullet brush his fingers.

Billy hit the breaks, hard, and Steve barely held on. He wanted to curse, but stayed silent and moved to get out of the car. He'd walk back.

"No!" Billy's hand found the eject button for the cassette and with that the car was silent. "Harrington I'll drive you, wouldn't want you to get wet pretty boy"

It had stopped raining but Steve didn't comment and placed his hand back on his lap. "Okay."

The drive lasted for about a minute more while Steve resumed his staring at Billy. What on earth was this guy? In the corner of his eye Steve spotted his BMW, still in the driveway of his house.

“Here.”

Billy stopped the car more careful this time. He didn't turn to look back at Steve.

“I'll...” Steve sighed, normally he was good with people but this wasn't like anything he had ever experienced. “Thanks.” He opened the door and once he was out waited for Billy to drive away.

That took a while. As soon as he was out of the car Billy turned his head and their eyes met for the very first time. Not breathing, Billy stared at Steve until his lungs were protesting and he couldn't hold on any longer. He sucked in a big breath, put his Van Halen tape in and drove away. Lilac shorts haunting him in his rear-mirror.

#### **Author's Note:**

Three months later Billy picks Steve up for school every day and makes Steve wear short shorts way too many times.

<http://nipsus.tumblr.com/>